



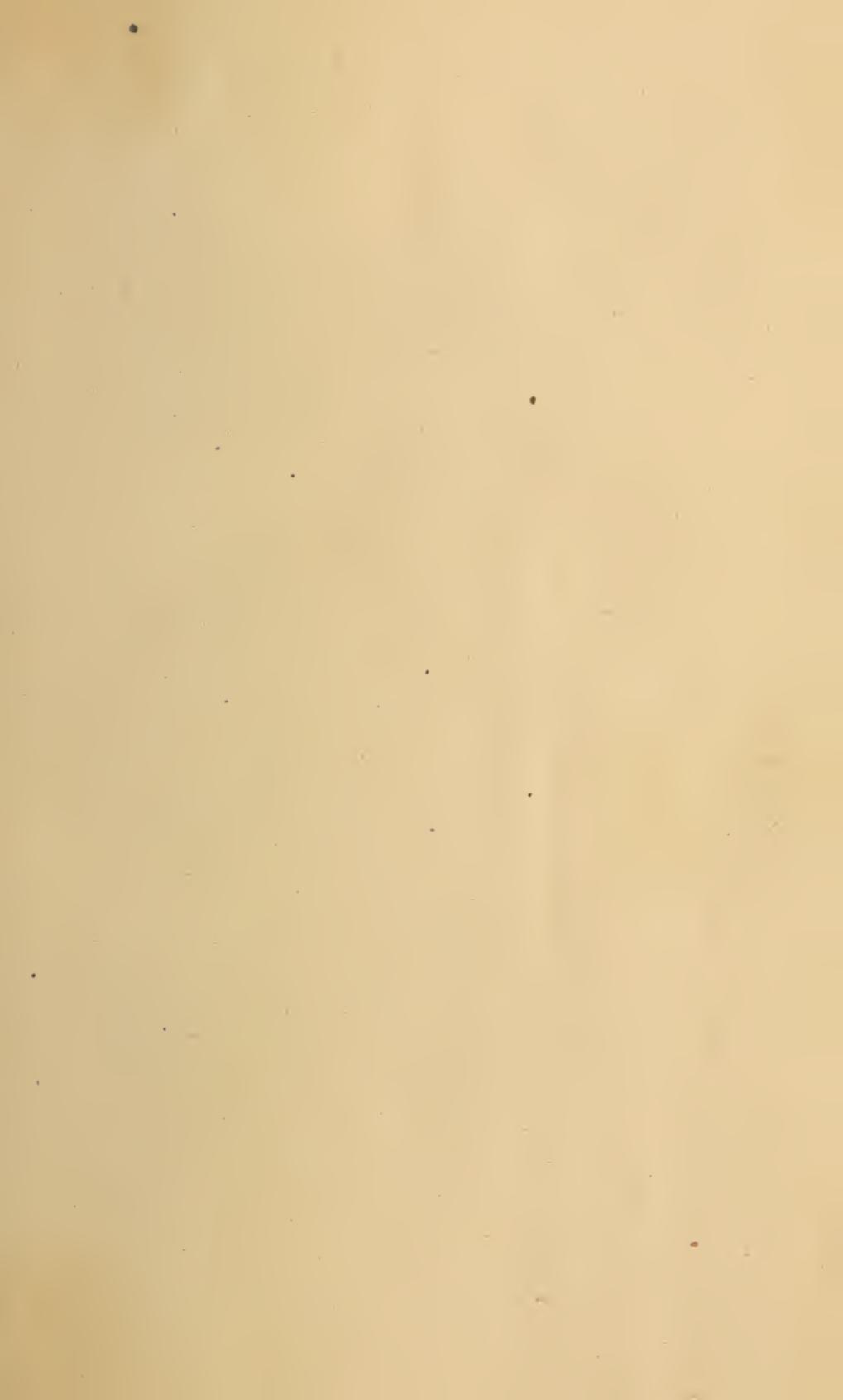
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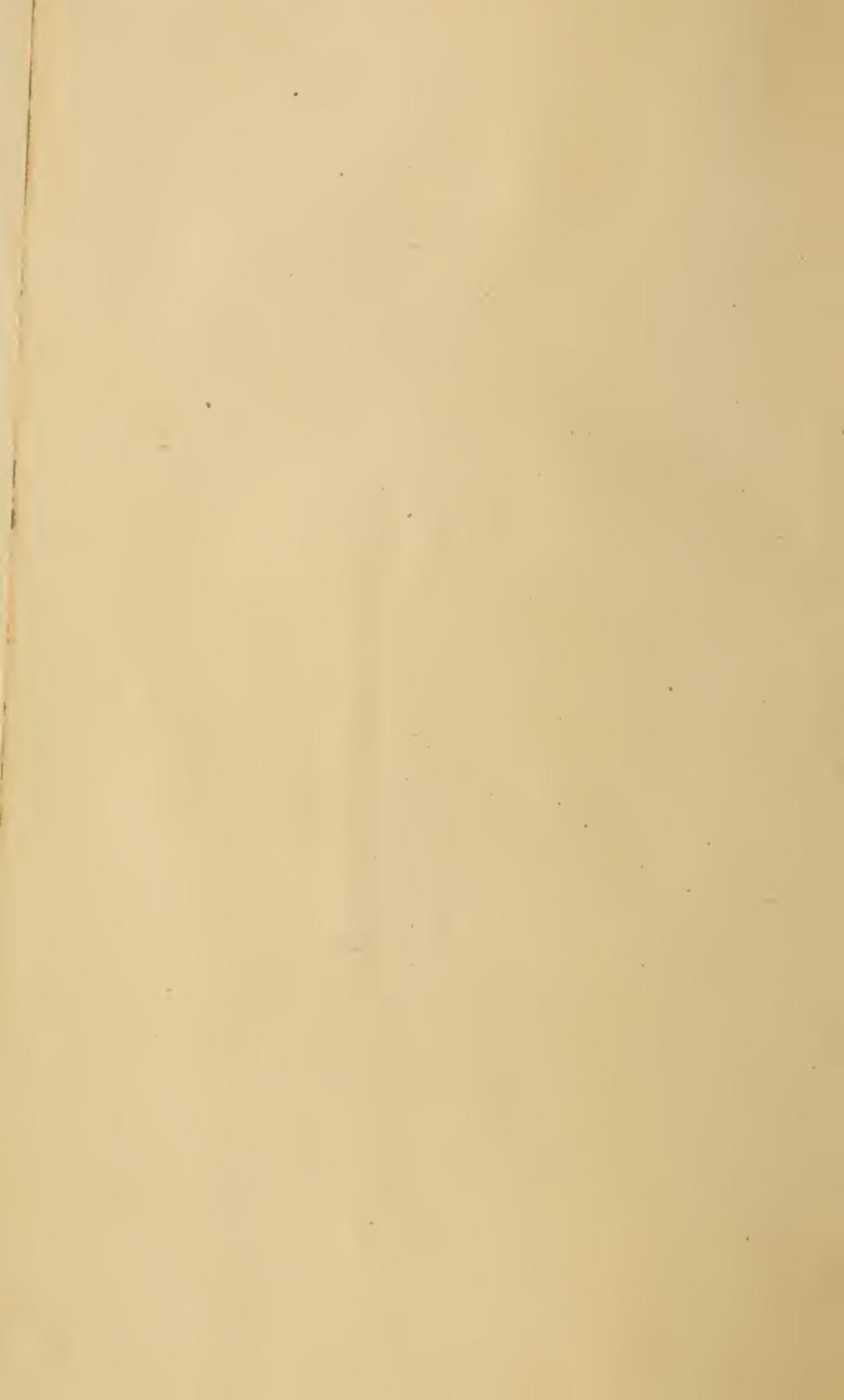
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EPIGRAMS.

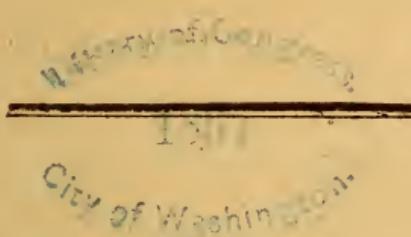
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EPIGRAMS.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BY

WILLIAM BARNES RHODES.



LONDON:

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EPIGRAMS.

BOOK I.

1.

THROUGH life what different motives tend
To lead to one determin'd end !
Thus Tom would starve (though wanting bread)
Before he 'd ask a mite of Ned;
And Ned (though sure that Tom must want it)
Would see him starve before he 'd grant it.

2.

To be a guest at Draco's sumptuous board,
You hail him friend to virtue, foe to vice.
Integrity 's my wealth—I can't afford
To buy a dinner at so dear a price.



3.

SEE Flavia shine at Park or Play,
And men of taste their homage pay ;
Nor do I judge in haste :
They toast her beauty—such the case,
They must (whoe'er admire her face)
For painting have a taste.

4.

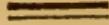
OFF in a chaise flew Ned and bride
(The knot as hastily was tied) ;
Far from the busy town they seek
A calm retreat, and stay'd—a week.
When with such speed as took them down,
The pair arrive again in town,
His friends appear, and wish him joy;
“ Ah ! ” cries the now experienc'd boy,
“ In vain you strive to soften fate,
Your wishes are a week too late.”

5.

CHARLES, like a miser, hoards his share of wit;
He 's past threescore, and ne'er produc'd it yet.

6.

THY house, friend Edward, I confess,
Is such as very few possess:
Rich are thy wines, and as for plate,
The sideboard totters with the weight;
Thy glass and china too might vie
With aught that meets the curious eye;
Thy pictures very few would set
Sufficient value on: but yet
Thy furniture is incomplete;
Thy files can't boast of one receipt.



7.

“ YOU'RE a fool,” mutters Harry: says Thomas,
“ That's true,
So must any one be who expects sense from you.”

8.

RICH Timon's board displays the best,
And Carlos (made a welcome guest),
Through vanity, is apt to boast,
It is his wit that rules the roast :
Trifler, to know the truth 't is fit—
'T is Timon's roast that rules thy wit.

9.

THOMAS would fain proclaim himself a wit ;
“ Great wits short mem'ries have,” our writers say ;
Upon that ground his title I admit,
For what he borrows he forgets to pay.

10.

"Your play won't do."—"Won't do!" the author
cries;

"A want of judgment with the reader lies:
Sufficient justice on the piece bestow'd,
Its merits, Sir, had warm'd the list'ning crowd."
"That may be true," the manager exclaims,
"For justice would condemn it to the flames."

11.

HARRY tells lies of Jack, you 'll find,
In hopes he 'll pay the debt in kind;
But Jack's revenge is more severe,
By truths which Harry hates to hear.

12.

TO AN ENGLISH NABOE.

WERE we to judge from scenes profuse,
That happiness from wealth ensues,
 Thy lot is enviable, I 'm sure ;
But when stern Reason doth profess,
“ Man's only wealth is happiness,”
 Then thou indeed art very poor.

13.

“ WHAT fools my comrades are ! ” Tim cries ;
Nor is the charge devoid of truth ;
Tis said that they esteem him wise ;
If so, there needs no further proof.

14.

Tom's fruitful spouse bestow'd a yearly child,
And he was happy whilst the bantlings smil'd:
Three years ago he join'd a martial band,
And sought for laurels in a distant land;
Yet such the force of habit, Nell, they say,
Still has her yearly child, though Tom's away.

15.

WHEN writers say our ancestors were wise,
Detractus swears 't is all a heap of lies,
That partial hands the flatt'ring picture drew;
From friendship some, from int'rest not a few.
Fame thus acquir'd Detractus' hopes may raise;
Who knows? posterity may sound his praise.

16.

You think Fortune has smil'd 'cause 'tis said Tom in
store

Has more money than wit ; I admit he has more,
But am sorry to add he is still very poor.

17.

Two farmers held dispute, to prove
The blessings of connubial love ;

" See here," cries one, with honest smile,

" Six healthful boys my cares beguile."

" And I," cried t'other, " might perhaps
Have had as fine a set of chaps,

But (and what such a thing ensures)

Our priest is not so young as yours."

18.

FROM Virtue's path when Kitty strays,
A conscious blush her guilt betrays ;
No wonder then they err who say,
That Kitty paints both night and day.

19.

“ SURE, Bill, of late you seem to shun my door,
To-morrow call, I ’ll be at home at four.”

“ Well, Dick, I ’ll come, altho’ your lady’s din
Proves you are not at home, and yet within.”

No paradox is here ; plain sense decrees,
Man only is at home where he ’s at ease.

20.

“ How comes it,” says a wealthy cit
(Discoursing with a man of wit),
“ That Fortune doth so seldom shed
Her favours on a poet’s head,
Whilst Ignorance throughout the land
Walks with the Goddess hand in hand?”

“ Let not the matter cause surprise;
’T is thus,” the Muses’ son replies :
“ Some time ago, but when or where,
I know as little as I care,
Fortune and Phœbus disagreed,
And mortals suffer by the deed ;
For when they visit here below,
Their diff’rent bounties to bestow,
Wherever one’s arriv’d before,
The other always shuns the door.”

21.

LUCAS, with ragged coat, attends
My Lord's levee ; and, as he bends,
The gaping wounds expose to view
All else beneath as ragged too.

But hark the Peer : " My friends, to-day
By great affairs I 'm call'd away ;
Attend to-morrow at this hour,
Your suits shall claim my utmost pow'r."
The crowd, retiring, thanks exprest,
Save Lucas, who, behind the rest,
Desponding loiter'd ; cries my Lord,
" Why, Lucas, do you doubt my word ?"
" No, Sire ; 't is too well understood—
To-morrow !"—Here his garb he view'd.
" Alas ! my Lord, can I be mute ?
To-morrow I shall have no suit."

22.

THY uncle dead, nought left to thee,
Thou wond'rest—Harry, to be free,
I see no ground for such surprise—
He always was reputed wise.

23.

THE CASE REVERSED.

THOU hadst left by thy uncle, so lately deceas'd,
An estate that is worth twenty thousand at least;
It is wrong, I confess, to speak ill of the dead,
But he never was thought to be right in the head.

24.

A THIEF, whose every act portray'd
The perfect master of the trade,
Once seen, and forc'd to quit his prey,
Yet stole, " Ha ! what?"—He stole away.

25.

YOUNG Cladio praises a secluded life,
With shrewd satiric strokes on busy strife ;
Yet be it known (regardless of his tale)
I 've heard him wish that he was out of jail.

26.

LUPUS, the veriest rake in town,
With doctors and disease worn down,
By pain and thought depriv'd of rest,
Remorse his constant sick-bed guest,
Cried, " Trust me 't is to youth alone
The sorrows of mankind are known."
Says Frank, " You speak a serious truth,
Of those who scarce survive their youth;
Who tread with rapid steps life's stage,
And thus avoid the cares of age;
For cares perplex the aged brow,
Which libertines can never know."

27.

EUGENIUS treats his tenants once a year
With kindest welcomes, and true British cheer;
The harvest scanty, he remits a part,
Industry prompts, and raises ev'ry heart:
The grateful mind sincerest thanks repays,
And children lisp their benefactor's praise.
'T is strange no thanks become Distringas' due,
Who kindly welcomes, and who raises too;
Crops good or bad, his tenants know th' event,
Their cash he 'll welcome, and he' ll raise their rent.

28.

WHILST busy Phil his shop attends,
His dearee trades with absent friends ;
The only diff'rence this is,
Whilst he, by ev'ry bargain made,
Diminishes his stock in trade,
By hers his stock increases.

29.

ON THE SAME.

RICH presents thou dost daily give :
Learn, Philip, less profuse to live,
Or soon thy means must cease ;
Thy spouse a better method takes,
She gives what thou ne'er miss'd, yet makes
Thy stock each year increase.

30.

cries Rufus, vaunting of his judgment strong,
“ By my advice none ever acted wrong.”
True, Rufus, since thy folly’s so well known,
No one prefers thy judgment to his own.

31.

thy titles, Rufus, are thy bane;
Without them thou hadst liv’d unknown,
Nor felt the sting of proud disdain,
Nor had thy follies public grown.

’Midst peers, no peer; to reason blind,
Scorn’d and derided to thy face;
Thus what should dignify mankind,
To thee are badges of disgrace.

32.

THE POET AND CRITIC.

"BEAR me," cries Stanza, "to some peaceful shade,
Where not the breath of ether can pervade;
By all the busy, plodding world forgot,
And sweet Content shall share my humble cot."

"Stay where thou art," cried Censor in reply,
"Nor for the peaceful shade or cottage sigh;
Retirement more secluded from mankind
Than in thy garret thou canst never find;
Let days revolving swell oblivion's store,
And Time coin years until his bags run o'er;
Here undisturb'd, no rude intrusion dread,
For none inquire where Stanza rests his head."

33.

TO MIRA.

THY smiles are like an April day,
Which, flattering in vain,
First tempts me out in light array,
Then drenches me with rain.

Forbear, dear maid, with cruel skill
To triumph a deceiver;
Than thus to act, 't were kinder still
To frown on me for ever.

34.

HE who in age betakes a youthful bride,
May, like a fool, with justness be decreed
Who buys a valuable book through pride,
To lend unto his learned friends to read.

35.

UNFEIGNED SORROW.

WHEN Frank was ruin'd, his companions griev'd;
And though but few their mournful looks believ'd,
None shall the tribe of mimic grief accuse,
When told the cause—Frank had no more to lose !

36.

“ I NE’ER shall live in peace again ;
Wealth is my lot, and wealth brings pain,”

Cried one, who’s grown immensely rich of late.

“ Then am I blest in manner strange,
Sweet peace is mine, *sans* dread of change !”

Another cried, who’d spent his whole estate.

37.

ACCOUNTS fairly stated, *sans* cavil or strife,
Harry ow’d me a hundred, but Hal was no saver ;
He broke and decamp’d, but took with him my wife ;
I now think the balance must be in his favour.

38.

THE INANIMATE.

ONCE at a monarch's earnest pray'r,
Jove blest with life a statued fair ;
Yet fancy not the blessing came
Exempt from any future claim ;
'T was but a loan, and though delay'd,
At length from thee 't is fully paid ;
Pygmalion gain'd a bride, whilst we
The lifeless statue find in thee.

39.

A PAIR of shoes for Tom were made,
For which (not strange) he never paid;
At length the tradesman did declare,
He had worn out another pair
By dunning Tom, and with an oath
Swore he would make his charge for both.
“ Ay, ay,” says Thomas, “ pr'ythee do,
’T is just the same to owe for two.”

40.

THAT Ned’s kind to inferiors, no wonder supplies;
Where it was that he found ’em, creates the surprise.

41.

OF those who write, not one in ten
'Scapes censure from the critic's pen,
But Harry wisely plann'd it;
He wrote, and all the tribe defied,
For who would on a work decide,
When none could understand it?

42.

HERE rests my spouse; no pair through life
So equal liv'd as we did;
Alike we shar'd perpetual strife,
Nor knew I rest till she did.

43.

THOMAS values himself for his wisdom and wit,
And would fain have his friends form a like valuation ;
This I fancy they do, since we all must admit
He is held by his friends in no great estimation.

44.

“ To Fortune I but little owe,”
A losing gamester cried ;
“ So best,” cries one, “ for well I know
You owe enough beside.”

45.

FROM low estate Grub mounts to wealth and rank,
And whilst his board displays luxurious pride,
Fain would forget how pure the stream he drank,
How plain the meal his former wants supplied.

Vain man! wouldst thou enjoy thy present wealth,
Dear to thy mem'ry be thy humbler state ;
From sickness we are taught the worth of health,
'T is by comparisons we bliss create.

46.

So sweetly Mira tun'd her song,
I call'd her Syren in my lay ;
Nor did I name the damsel wrong,
She claims the title ev'ry way.

O shut your ears, my fellow-swains,
Shun converse with th' enchanting maid ;
Proudly she glories in your chains,
And all who listen are betray'd.

47.

You counsel want to plead your cause;
There's Silius learned in the laws;
When he harangues, so smooth his tongue,
Persuasion rivets old and young:
Loud Belus can all clamours drown,
And, thund'ring, crams conviction down.
Either retain, you cannot choose ill;
This shall brow-beat, or that bamboozle.

48.

WHEN Titus on his death-bed lay,
His greedy heirs around him came,
And careful watch'd from day to day,
Till life forsook his mortal frame.

Ye graceless spendthrifts know, when Death
With icy hand shall lay ye low,
No heirs shall watch your parting breath,
For want of something to bestow.

49.

To prove their confidence through life,
Sam and his partner labour ;
For he keeps nothing from his wife,
Nor she from any neighbour.

50.

WHEN Dicky and Doll had been married a year,
These words were forgotten—My love ! and My dear !
But you 'd swear if you heard their continual strife,
They had not forgot they were husband and wife.

51.

cries Nell to Tom, 'midst matrimonial strife,
" Curs'd be the hour I first became your wife."
" By all the pow'rs," said Tom, " but that's too bad,
You've curs'd the only civil hour we've had."

52.

HARRY boasts free from harm he came off from the
fight;
Very true, so he may—he came off over-night !

53.

FEW boast of Harry's courage, but they may
Commend his prudence—for he ran away !

54.

“ I ’LL follow thy fortune,” a termagant cries,
Whose extravagance caus’d all the evil ;
“ That were some consolation,” the husband replies,
For my fortune has gone to the devil.’

55.

WHEN Fortune at thy beck propitious smil’d,
I hail’d thee (and with cause) her favour’d child ;
“ No favour,” you replied, “ it was my due ;”
Opinions alter, now I think so too.
When robb’d of virtue, honour, worth, and sense,
Wealth is no favour, nor much recompense.

56.

'TWAS lucky, Peter t' other night
Lost all his money to a doit ;
The dame took such an ample scope,
He'd not enough to buy a rope.

57.

DICK, kind and foolish to his friends,
Lends, and forgets to whom he lends ;
Whilst they, with more than common zeal,
His worth proclaim, his faults conceal,
And sooner would with flatt'ry blind him,
Than of one foolish act remind him.

58.

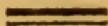
“ YOUR countenance, Jack,” says my father one day,
“ Is form’d to ensure you disgrace ;”
“ Very likely,” cried I, “ it may be as you say,
For I know I’ve the family face.”

59.

Poets praise fancy, (justly too,)
As epicures do flesh and fish ;
For oft, when hunger claims his due,
They find they have no other dish.

60.

THE miser robb'd, quite frantic grown,
Cried " Murder, murder !" through the town ;
His money gone, he well might say
The rogues had ta'en his life away.



61.

OR shrewd or dull, whatever Maro says,
The group around exclaim, " How truly wise !"
Nor can we doubt his title to such praise,
He surely has a right to what he buys.

62.

T' OBEY a parent's harsh command,
The youthful Emma gave her hand
 To Marco, ' impotent and old ;'
No tear she shed, she heav'd no sigh,
'Twas Fate's decree, each lovely eye
 Her perfect resignation told.

Such prompt intentions to fulfil
The Fates' unalterable will,
 Is Marco's copy and his boast ;
He smiles upon his chubby heirs,
Of whom he knows full well he bears
 The name of Father at the most.

63.

A LAWYER quits the jarring courts
For rural ease and rural sports ;
Surveys his newly-bought estate,
And, like all those that wealth makes great,
Thus plied an honest farmer's ear :
“ Behold what spacious grounds are here !
Yon park extensive mocks the eye,
Yon house with palaces might vie ;
Rich by industry I have grown,
And all thou seest I call my own.”
The clown, who very seldom made
A speech of length, in answer said,
“ I fancy, Sir, you 'd change your tone,
If ev'ry one possess'd his own.”

64.

I GAVE my fair a blushing rose,
And told her, beauty, like the flower,
Its transitory empire owes,
Dependant on youth's smiling hour.

I told her that delays were wrong ;
“ O name the happy morn,” I cried :
She own’d the moral of my song,
And smil’d, next morn, my rival’s bride.

65.

SCARCELY three months a bride, Kitty groan'd, 't was
a birth ;
Friends jeer'd, Jerry star'd, paus'd, and ponder'd ;
Had it been the whole nine, he had 'scap'd all their
mirth,
But Jerry himself would have wonder'd.

END OF BOOK I.

EPIGRAMS.

BOOK II.

I.

By one decisive argument
Giles gain'd his sweetheart Kate's consent
To name an early day :
“ Why in such haste, dear Giles, to wed ?
I shall not change my mind,” she said ;
“ But then,” says he, “ I may.”

2.

A SPEEDY REMEDY.

My Lady faints ; my Lord, with anxious care,
Cries, "John, to Dr. Slop's with speed repair."
That instant she recovers from her swoon ;
Nor wonder why her sense return'd so soon,
Nor why my Lord requir'd the leech's skill—
Slop never cures, and seldom fails to kill.



3.

THY courage, Tom, is by thy reas'ning tried ;
A brave man always takes the weakest side.

4.

IF when you call I'm not at home, that day
My stars are kind, I 'scape a noisy fool :
Yet not displeas'd, the visit I repay ;
There's nought to dread, you're not at home by
rule.

5.

IF we a liar thus define,
One who by false report deceives ;
The title, Ned, can ne'er be thine,
Thou 'rt one whom nobody believes.

6.

FROM the same cause we oft perceive
Diff'rent effects arise :
Thus Slop doth by his practice live,
Whilst ev'ry patient dies.

7.

ON THE SAME.

WHY the Doctor himself should of health be possest,
(And yet never effected a cure,) is, they say,
'Cause he ne'er to a patient hath given the least,
But 'tis clear he has taken abundance away.

8.

ON THE SAME.

SLOP has ne'er perform'd cure? That's a point I deny,
And I'll give you a positive reason for why;
The whole town where he lives of his skill were assur'd,
But believe me of that they're effectually cur'd.

9.

WHEN from a crowd of swains I won my bride,
Me as a lucky dog all tongues decreed;
She prov'd a shrew, but in three months she died;
I think I was a lucky dog indeed.

10.

BUT lately Varro was insolvent, now
Much wealth he gets, but how with care conceals,
He 'll neither gift nor legacy avow ;
Nor works, nor begs, nor borrows—sure he steals.

11.

JACK says by Varro, I have him intended,
He sees a likeness in the trait no doubt ;
If not, he surely cannot be offended ;
And if he does, I 'm glad I found him out.

12.

EMMA, through life, thy constant care be this,
Preserve thy title to eternal bliss ;
For thou, dear maid, hast such a bounteous share
Of sense, good-nature, wit, and art so fair,
So lov'd, ador'd ; the sad effect must be,
That all mankind would sin to fall with thee.

13.

RICH, fair, and wise thy spouse ? No ! though she be
Both rich and fair, I cannot, Tom, agree
To call her wise who made a choice of thee.

14.

JERRY dying intestate, his relatives claim'd,
Whilst his widow most vilely his mem'ry defam'd—
“ What !” she cried, “ must I suffer because the
curst knave
Without leaving a Will is laid snug in his grave ? ”
“ That 's no wonder,” says one, “ for 't is very well
known,
Since his marriage, poor man ! he 'd no will of his
own.”

15.

TO A BAD FIDDLER.

WHEN Orpheus (as old stories shew)
Went fiddling to the shades below,
To recompense the pleasing strain,
Pluto restor'd his wife again.

But thou, the worst of mortal scrapers
That ever call'd forth rustic capers,
And hadst for wife so vile a jade,
For thy own sake leave off the trade :—
Should Pluto hear thy tweedle-dee,
He the same way would punish thee.

16.

To think Calista would declare
Her age within a score of years,
You must expect her words would bear
A censure 'gainst the face she wears.

She frankly owns to twenty-two;
And sure, if evidence has weight,
Much credit to th' assertion 's due—
Her dress and manners bear that date.

17.

BAD MEMORIES.

FOLKS deem that mem'ry treach'rous, where they find
No trace of early actions left behind ;
Yet sure the mem'ry that retains too much
Is full as bad, and should be mark'd as such.
Calista thus by youthful airs would be
Esteem'd a nymph of twenty-two, or three ;
But whilst she prattles with unceasing tongue,
And tells what things occur'd when she was young,
Her treach'rous mem'ry strikes the fatal blow,
By telling what pass'd forty years ago.

18.

THE PENITENT.

THY pardon let me not implore in vain,
Though, Draco, my offence is very great;
For a good word from thee I strove to gain,
And might as well have strove for thy estate.

19.

LET your tongue, Ned, the vilest invectives bestow,
Since my merits you 'd willingly raise;
You 're so known for a liar wherever you go,
That I 'm ruin'd at once if you praise.

20.

THE RETORT.

You call me fool ; the same of you
'T were wrong to say, however true ;
Because no merit can be shewn
In telling what's already known.

21.

THE POMPOUS FUNERAL.

Yon cavalcade with sable plumes o'erspread,
Which makes the eager crowd with wonder gaze,
Shuts from the mind all mem'ry of the dead,
And claims for living vanity the praise.

22.

FROM MARTIAL.

A LOAN from wealthy Timon I requir'd ;
Half what I ask'd he freely granted :
His manner known, I gain'd what I requir'd,
By asking double what I wanted.

23.

TO A SPENDTHRIFT.

THUS saith Philosophy amidst her lore,
“ There's none are truly happy but the poor : ”
If so, the fav'ring die of Fortune's cast,
And, Tom, thy happiness increases fast.

24.

TO THE SAME.

MIDAS, in ancient tales we 're told,
Could turn whate'er he touch'd to gold ;
But vain had been his mighty skill,
Hadst thou liv'd then, and had thy will ;
The mountain heaps as quick as thought,
When touch'd by thee, had turn'd to nought.

25.

THOUGH, Draco, thou shouldst daily see
A servile group low bend the knee,
Ne'er think that Fate thy lot assign'd
Above the level of mankind;
No, Draco, every act will shew it,
Those who adore thee are below it.

26.

Two reasons are giv'n (which are equally good)
Why the credit of Harry's so bad ;
For paying, he has not the means if he would,
Nor was he inclin'd when he had.

27.

BOBBY declares he loves his wife,
And she, (kind soul!) avoiding strife,
So willing ev'ry hour to please,
Believes the doting man with ease ;
Nor very hard the task ; for she
Believes the same from more than he.



28.

PHILIP, when ask'd how far'd his bride ?
(By sickness long oppress'd,) replied,
“ If we by symptoms may be led,
I've hopes—the doctor shakes his head.”

29.

DICK swears his wife drinks so much gin,
Her tongue's intolerable din
Keeps one continual bawl :
Doll, to retort her husband's song,
Swears he 's so drunk the whole day long,
He cannot speak at all.

= = = = =
30.

THY censure, Thomas, may be just,
Vain, giddy, senseless ; but I trust
Were I within thy steps to go,
More than thyself would think me so.

31.

Yon wretched lunatic behold ;
Mark how he raves ; nor art nor gold
Can mitigate his frantic fits,
Or once restore his long-lost wits.
Then, Edward, bless thy luckier stars,
Which a like hapless fate debars,
For thou (believe an honest friend)
Hast no such loss to apprehend.

32.

A SHARPER once detected and expos'd,
Denied the charge, which all his fraud disclos'd,
And swore (whilst he prepar'd for deadly strife,)
He held his honour dearer than his life.
“ Nay, then,” exclaim'd the cause of his disgrace,
Rest, honest sword, secure within thy case ;
No credit by the contest canst thou reap,
With one who holds his life so very cheap.”

33.

WORN down with age, oppress'd with grief,
Impell'd by hunger to implore,
A fainting beggar for relief
Ask'd at a niggard miser's door :
“ I nothing have for such as you,”
Loud bawl'd the wretched, callous sinner ;
“ Ah ! ” cries the beggar, “ ‘t is too true,
Or thou wouldst give thyself a dinner.”

34.

TOPEWELL at sixty chose to wed,
But steril prov'd the marriage bed,
At which (whilst goblets fill'd they quaff)
His boon companions joke and laugh.
Cries he, “ There's no room for a jest,
Kate 's honest, and my mind 's at rest ;
If ever she begins to breed,
You may have cause to laugh indeed ! ”

35.

SINCE graceless Jack has found a friend,
He 'll soon, 't is hop'd, his manners mend.
“ Jack found a friend !”—“ Yes, Sir, 'tis true,
Nor wonder though I mention you :
'T was but this morn I heard him say,
You 'd ta'en his character away.
From that one act it was decreed,
You 'd prov'd yourself a friend indeed.”

36.

AVIDIO pleads with piercing tongue,
A friend in debt, his offspring young,
His chattels seiz'd to pay the rent,
Himself in vilest durance pent ;
Subscribing first without restraint—
Yet is Avidio no saint ;
So known with coldness to deny,
That beggars pass unasking by ;
“ Say why (so callous to distress)
He such a charity should press ? ”
Bound for his friend he thus behaves,
So what he gets by begging—saves.

37.

TRAP boasts his power to unfold
Where guilty rogues their meetings hold ;
Recounts the number, who had long
Escap'd the vigilant and strong ;
Yet brought by him, at various times,
To own, and suffer for their crimes ;
His skill in forming proof commends,
And thus his own eulogium ends :—
“ Who his profession would adorn,
Must be, Sir, with the talent born.”
I grant it in its fullest sense ;
Thou, Trap, wert born an evidence :
Yes, on thy birth thy fame is built,
For well it prov'd thy parents' guilt.

38.

THE day had broke an hour or two,
And Sol had sipp'd away the dew,
When in a grove for love-scenes fam'd,
Damon met Phillis, and exclaim'd,
“ You are a thief—I'll prove the theft;
Of ev'ry comfort I'm bereft;
And though it may seem strange, 't is true,
My heart, sweet lass, is stol'n by you.”
“ You call me thief—I stole your heart?
I could not act so vile a part;
Believe me, Damon,” cries the maid,
(A willing smile her thoughts betray'd,)
“ Drive hence suspicion from your mind,
And let this proof due credence find,
Since you so much the loss bemoan,
Take mine till you regain your own.”

39.

“ LET ’s run, let ’s run,” a soldier cries;
His captain heard, and thus replies—
“ What, coward! would you turn away
The moment we have gain’d the day?
Behold, the foe have ceas’d to fire,
Their broken ranks with speed retire.”
“ Yes, I perceive our foes retreat,
For speed Newmarket cou’dn’t match ’em;
I therefore do my words repeat,
Run, or by G— you ’ll never catch ’em.”

40.

“ WHATEVER is, is right,” says Pope—
So said a sturdy thief;
But when his fate requir'd a rope,
He varied his belief.

I ask'd if still he held it good :
“ Why no,” he sternly cried ;
“ Good texts are only understood
By being well applied.”

41.

THE INCONSTANT.

LESSONS of love a fair I taught,
And fondly hop'd a kind return ;
For gentler pupil never sought,
Its pleasing rudiments to learn.

But now above the scholar grown,
She must her master's rival be ;
Yes, Rosalie to half the town
Has taught whate'er she learnt of me.

42.

ON AN EXTREMELY VAIN LADY.

DELIA had beauty, and, beside,
Possest a decent share of pride;
Two such momentous powers as they
Can seldom brook divided sway;
So fought, and Pride's o'erbearing might
Has kick'd poor Beauty out of sight.

43.

"THANK God my stingy father 's dead,"
The other day a spendthrift said:
" You 're right, for, were he here," cries one,
" T would break his heart to see his son."

44.

WELL vers'd in all deceptive arts,
Yet foil'd in one design,
Would you assert Ned's cunning parts
Are much on the decline;
Such superficial reas'ning cease,
And praise the skilful elf—
It surely was his master-piece,
When he deceiv'd himself.

45.

WHEN Dick exprest his doubts to Ned,
That faithless to the marriage bed
 His spouse had often been ;
“ Indeed, you ’re wrong,” his friend replied,
“ Believe me, lay all doubts aside,
 These eyes the fact have seen.”

46.

THE glow which Cloe’s cheeks possess
Is something more than Nature’s dress ;
 Yet such her happy knack,
Although she paints, there ’s none can boast
Of knowing which she uses most,
 Carmine or coniac.

47.

'T is so hard on the merits of men to decide,
Or to judge by what motives their acts are impell'd;
It were better at once, all mistakes to avoid,
That our censure and praise should alike be withheld.

This is surely the system Corrosive intends,
Yet for why the completion so long he delays
Is unknown, since he frequently censures his friends,
But 't is long since he utter'd a sentence of praise.

48.

To Maro's board a group of flatt'lers came,
Professing, yet profaning Friendship's name ;
But Maro fails, the group no more attend.
Say ye who nicely weigh in Reason's scale,
Should joy or grief o'er Maro's mind prevail,
Since with his fortune went each faithless friend ?

49.

'T is said with wealth our wants increase ;
If you admit of this position,
With loss of wealth our wants must cease—
Maro, how happy thy condition !

50.

'T is the fatality of human life,
That one who 's liv'd perpetually in strife
Cares not to venture on a total change,
Though Fortune gives him all the world to range.
Thus scarce was Dicky's spouse in coffin laid,
When, dreading quiet, he espous'd his maid.

51.

You wonder how Titus so soon can perceive
The follies to which men are prone :
'T is sympathy, Sir; for I really believe
That each corresponds with his own.

52.

THOUGH Tom can romance with a talent so rare,
Be the group ne'er so shrewd, to a man he 'll
deceive 'em : .
He ne'er as a liar with Ned must compare,
Who tells his so well that himself will believe 'em.

53.

THE RIVAL CANDIDATES.

LIKE me, Charles seeks a poet's name ;
He thinks his verse secures the claim ;
Two better pleas my claim promote,
An empty purse and ragged coat.

54.

Tom's pretensions to merit may not be so lame
As were thought, since too often by acts of op-
pression
Men entitled to wealth, though undoubted their claim,
Live and die without ever obtaining possession.

55.

APOLOGIES for absence, Ned?
Believe me, none desire 'em;
But if excuses must be made,
Thy presence doth require 'em.

56.

ONCE shelter'd from the noontide ray,
Emma, a beauteous maid,
In flow'ry arbour sleeping lay,
To which blest spot I stray'd.

A cautious look I cast around,
Then vent'rous stole a kiss ;
And though the waking fair-one frown'd,
I boasted of the bliss ;

Yet pardon crav'd and pleaded love ;
I took but one, I swore ;
“ ’T was wrong,” she cried. So ’twas by Jove—
I should have ta'en a score.

57.

SAYS Crispin to Nell, "Why d'ye grumble, my dear?
Saint Monday, our calling must ever revere :"
" True," cries Nell, " but of late I 've good reason
to speak,
For your Saint has converted each day in the week."

58.

To Thomas I ne'er in my life gave advice,
Though to ask it he oft has been driven;
You have heard me, you say, let this answer suffice,
What's ne'er taken can never be given.

59.

CODRUS invites his num'rous friends to dine;
They pass encomiums on his beef and wine;
And as around the sparkling liquor flies,
Extol his hobbling verses to the skies.

Ah! flatter'd Codrus, fancy not thy name
Hath pass'd the ordeal impos'd by Fame;
For when thy spirit from this sphere shall go
To intermix with kindred shades below,
When no luxurious viands grace thy board,
To bribe the pamper'd sycophant's fair word,
Lure venal tongues with cold unmeaning praise,
To numerate the beauties of thy lays;
Scarce shall thy fame attend thee to the grave,
Fled like the smoke thy costly dishes gave.

60.

DRACO declares all flatt'ry he detests :
While at his board a group of servile guests
Their fulsome adulations daily pour,
He hears well pleas'd, and lavishes his store.
“ This man hates flattery ! ‘T is false,” you say ;
But Draco’s definition hear, I pray :
He deems it truth when his own merit’s blaz’d,
‘T is only flattery when another ’s prais’d.

61.

SAM ’mongst mankind would stand alone ;
Sure such a fool was never known :
“ If such a fool was never known,
Why then,” cries Sam, “ I stand alone.”

62.

RESOLV'D to bear a spotless name,
Cofinna laughs at tattling Fame,

And calls her tales a jest :

True, her own sex strange things have said,
But envy oft such plans hath laid
To wound the guiltless breast.

To man she makes her bold appeal,
Her injur'd honour man shall heal,

Not one to blame is found :

You must confess she manag'd well,
Who (knowing none that kiss should tell)
Brib'd all the parish round.

63.

OF every hope and wish possest,
You'd think that Ned was truly blest:
No; Ned, of wealth and friends bereft,
Has nought but hopes and wishes left.

64.

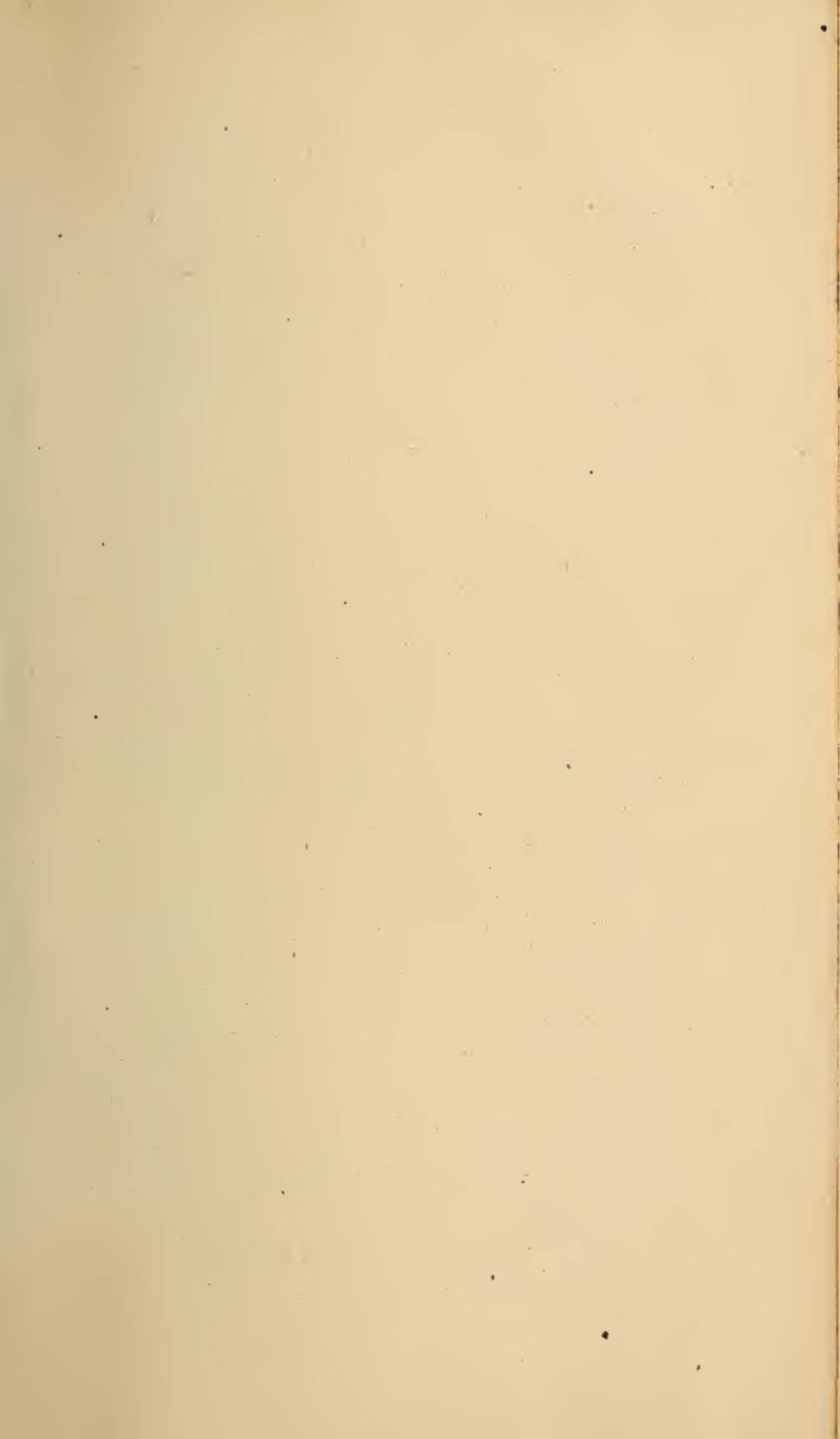
NED wish'd to know his future fate,
'T was folly beyond measure ;
We only should anticipate
What's likely to give pleasure.

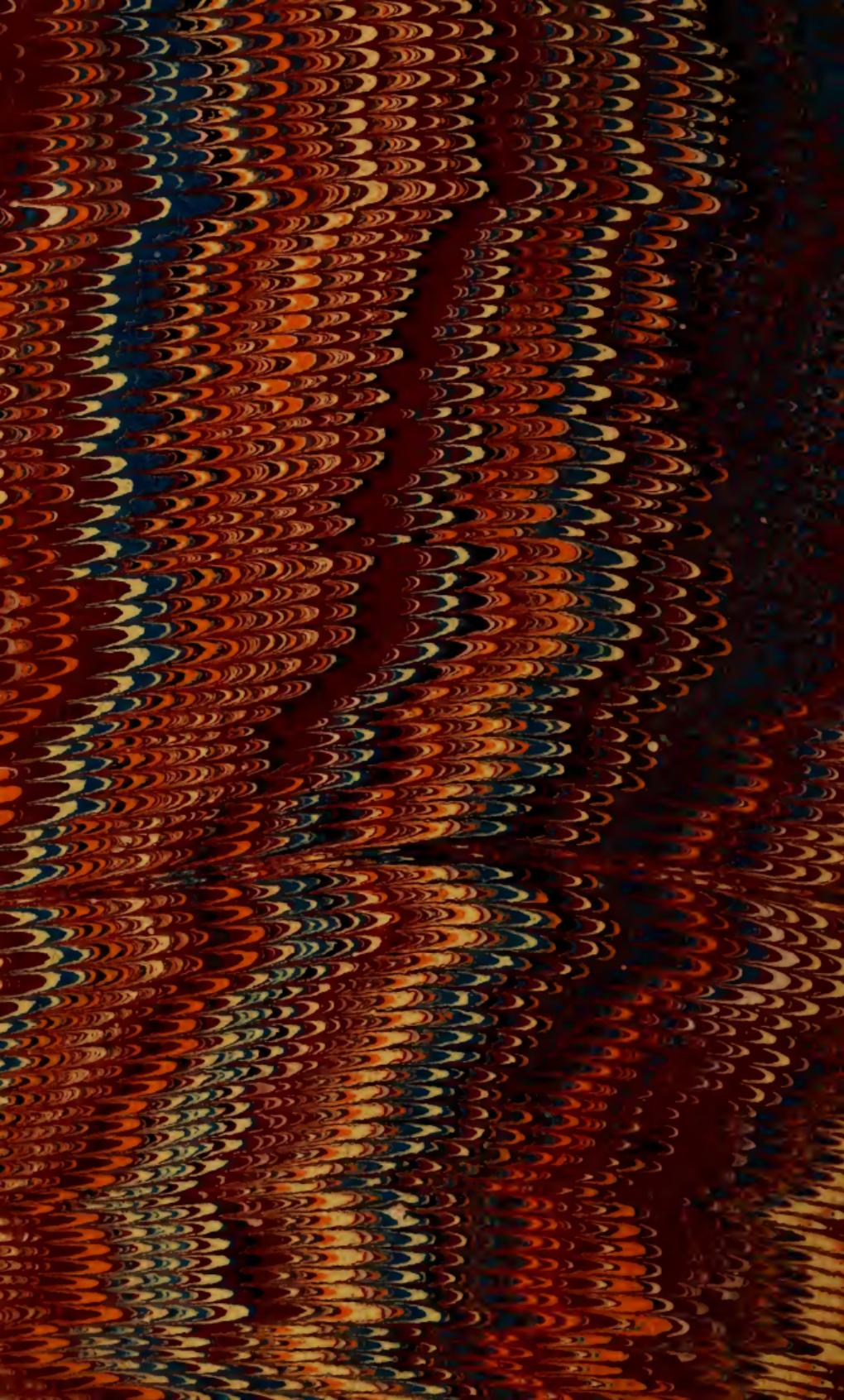
65.

THE TOPER'S BOAST.

cries Hal, “The man who loves a glass,
Nor values philosophic rules,
His life in rosy hours shall pass,
Whate'er is said by wives or schools :
Here independence reigns, nor strife
Nor care molest this sacred dome”—
This scarce was utter'd, when his wife
Bounc'd in, and Hal sneak'd silent home.

THE END.







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